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SOME EXPERIENCES OF A CHOIR-SINGER.

A VARIETY of causes contributed—fortunately at an early date—to produce in me the conviction that my vocation in life was not that of a solo singer. I did not acquiesce in such a conviction readily, being anxious to achieve distinction in this line, but it was gradually impressed upon me by force of circumstances—chiefly by my observation of the inevitable failure of my best efforts to win the appreciation of the most partial and benevolent hearers. My elder brothers and sisters, some of whom had undoubted gifts in this direction, did not exactly throw cold water upon my pretensions, but neither did they accord them enthusiastic encouragement, and the faint praise of the “critic on the hearth,” to borrow Mr. James Payn’s witty perversion, is equivalent to the frankest and most damnable criticism from the unbiassed outsider.

At first, if the truth were told, I was inclined to impute this attitude on the part of my relatives to unworthy motives—to jealousy, in fact anything but the right cause, and felt certain that the impartial judgment of a competent authority would confirm the favourable opinion I then possessed of my own powers. Imagine my mortification when a blunt but excellent German gave his verdict as follows:—“Well, Mr. G—, at least you resemble Beethoven in one particular—your voice is *excruciating*. If I can get rid of the wool which seems to coat your vocal chords, break you of the habit of singing through your nose, and teach you to avoid lapsing into falsetto when you sing above D sharp, I may perhaps convert you into a decent choir-singer, for your ear is true and you have some notion of reading. But I should act unjustly if I were to encourage you in your desire to sing solos—even in the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy.” This was a rebuff with a vengeance, but it was delivered in so sincere a fashion that it was impolitic to doubt its substantial accuracy. I took a course of lessons from Herr S— in order to conquer my radical faults of production, and acquired some general knowledge of the principles of singing, but from that day to this I have confined my vocal energies to the arena of concerted as opposed to solo effort. And the pleasure I have derived from this enforced deviation from the career which I had mapped out for myself, has been so great that I have been tempted to record the causes which led to it, and to jot down a few discursive remarks suggested by my experiences in half-a-dozen choral societies during the course of the last dozen years.

And first let me dwell on one of the most obvious pleasures and advantages of chorus-singing. Some of my pleasantest friendships I unhesitatingly ascribe to being thrown into constant contact with fellow-devotees of a delightful art. One is occasionally obliged to sit next to an inefficient choralist, or one who beats time with his heel; but, generally speaking, one can choose one’s company, and contrive to secure a congenial neighbour. On this head I speak feelingly, having enjoyed throughout the past season the company of a most charming enthusiast, who never failed to remonstrate with me by letter if I missed a practice, mingling with his expostulations glowing descriptions of any new music he had heard or was studying. It is not to be imagined from the foregoing remarks that I advocate choral singing primarily as a means of extending one’s acquaintance. Directly one begins to consider the desirability from a social point of view, of one’s fellow-singers, or to intrude considerations of caste or class into the selection of such bodies, there is an end to their efficiency. My own experience has been that, in the case of the societies to which I belonged, the measure of excellence has varied in an inverse ratio with the rigour with which a social qualification has been imposed. The reasons for this are two-fold: If social position is substituted for musical proficiency the balance of parts can not be maintained, for recalcitrant nature refuses to produce tenors in

equal quantity with basses. Secondly, it is impossible to expect regular attendance from persons—especially young men and maidens—whose allegiance to Polyhymnia is shaken by their devotion to Terpsichore, and whose delicate digestions resent the dislocation of meal-times, rendered inevitable by the fixture of the hour of practice at 7.30 p.m. How is one to dine in Belgravia at 7.45 if one is due in Bloomsbury a quarter of an hour earlier? This is a problem apparently insoluble to the untutored intelligence, though it may doubtless present little difficulty to the esoteric Buddhist, or Sir Boyle Roche’s bird.

One of the first choral bodies to which I had the honour to belong was the so-called Melomaniac Society at Oxbridge University. The soprani and alti were at that time chiefly the wives and daughters of the dons and functionaries of the university, while the ranks of the tenors and basses were recruited exclusively from the undergraduates and graduates. The conductor, an excellent pianist and a man of considerable taste and feeling, was wanting in the masculine vigour required to inspire his forces with confidence. He was by turns deprecatory and querulous, and exercised a discouraging effect upon his forces without making them realize in what their shortcomings exactly consisted. It is only just to admit that the materials were poor, and the balance of voices in the male department absurdly uneven. The tenors seldom exceeded a dozen, while the basses rarely fell below three times that number. The result was, that in order to restore some sort of equilibrium, a handful of professionals from the college choirs would be called in at the eleventh hour, who would sing the notes correctly enough, but with an absolute lack of attention to light and shade. If, however, one of these gentlemen *did* make a mistake, it would be heard in the farthest corner of the hall, for our readers hardly need to be reminded that a single chorus-singer can achieve the prominence of a soloist, by coming in half a bar too soon.

My next experiences of chorus singing were during a four years’ residence in a great northern manufacturing town. The nucleus of the choral society which I joined immediately after my arrival—the best musicians and the most regular attendants—were Germans, and had the quality of their voices equalled their enthusiasm, no fault could have been found with the results which they achieved. But this choir illustrated another serious difficulty with which a conductor is often beset: how to get rid of the veterans who are past their work. A large proportion of its members were middle-aged or even elderly persons, and the accessions of fresh voices were so few and far between as to make no perceptible improvement in the *timbre* of the whole body. This question of the elimination of worn-out voices is no doubt a difficult one, for few chorus singers, any more than soloists, are inclined to retire in the plenitude of their powers. The fact, however, remains that a delicate consideration for the feelings of the veteran choralist, is incompatible with a true regard for the efficiency of a choir. Readers acquainted with Berlioz’s “Memoirs,” will doubtless remember his trenchant remarks on this inartistic leniency. But to return. Our conductor was a thorough and enthusiastic musician, and possessed a virtuosity of his own for conducting at the same time that he played our accompaniment, seated at a pianoforte, on a raised dais in the middle of the room. Curiously enough, his more formal conducting with a bâton never seemed to me nearly so effective as the indications he was able to give with his eye, head, and voice, and occasionally one hand, while at the pianoforte. I have never met with anyone more inflexible in his exclusion of all but the best music from his *répertoire*. Some persons found him too uncompromising in this respect, and attributed the stationary condition of the choir to this cause. These malcontents would have him alternate the choruses from *Pinafore* with those from Handel’s *Solomon*,

and lighten the grandeur of Beethoven with the phosphorescent gaiety of Offenbach or Audran. For my own part I always sympathized with his resolute attitude in the matter; and I shall always retain a warm feeling of gratitude for the musician who made me familiar with Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, and the *Deutsches Requiem* of Brahms.

Besides the society of which I have been speaking, I belonged, at different times, to a couple of private or local choral societies in the same neighbourhood, in which the features of the larger body were faithfully enough reflected. The execution was hardly up to the intention, and in a small choir individual roughnesses are not smoothed down in the delightful fashion observable in a large body of voices. For instance, at the Crystal Palace the other day, I thought I never heard my voice sound better or more voluminous. It was quite encyclopædic! But then, I am obliged to confess that there were some 2999 other voices helping to neutralize the individual peculiarities of mine. My experience of choir-singing in London I intend to reserve for another paper.

THE OPERA "GUILLEM THE TROUBADOUR."

(Continued from page 324.)

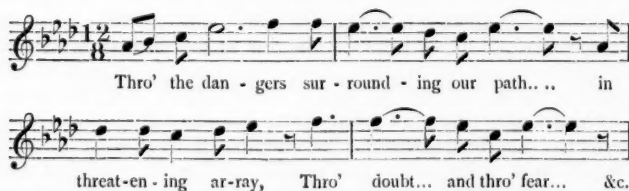
The scene of the third act is at Liêt, Count Robert's castle, where a feast is coming to an end, as the night wears away. The action takes place in a garden overlooked by the bower of Margarida and the castle itself. Guillem is standing in the shadow of a pillar near to the lady's bower. She cannot see him, as she comes out upon the balcony to utter her complaint, the words of which run as follows:—

Lone is my life as the night is; lonely,
Far from the feasting crowd lies my way;
Dark is my life as the night is, only
A single star sheds its tremulous ray.
Once my soul I was fain to surrender
To a star as it shone from above;
Steadfast as heaven's own vault seemed its splendour,
And its light was the lustre of love.
Ah! but it faded, ah! but it vanished,
Cloud-covered darkness reigns in the night;
And the brightness of love is banished
From a heart that was valued light.

Her song is treated rather as an introduction to the love duet that is to follow, than as an independent number; it is in F minor, and is preceded by, and to some extent founded upon, this theme:—



When Guillem discovers himself, the misunderstanding between the lovers is cleared up, and the generous confession of Azalais explained. The avowal of the falseness of the confession is wedded to the minuet movement, during the course of which that confession was made, in the second act; it appears now in C instead of D. The ensemble of the duet sets out as follows:—

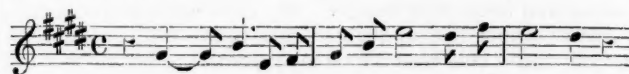


The broadly-conceived movement built upon this theme is sustained or some time, culminating at last in a very effective unison passage. At this point, the festal strains which had once or twice interrupted the prelude of Margarida's song at the opening of the act, are heard more emphatically, and the guests are seen bidding farewell to their

host. After a very short chorus, Count Robert catching sight of the lovers as they stand in hiding, is about to go nearer, but is dissuaded by his friends on the ground that

"it is not wise
To pry into the secrets of the night
And spoil good sport."

The lovers, left alone, resume their amorous dialogue, and conclude their duet with an invocation to all-concealing night, founded on the following subject:—

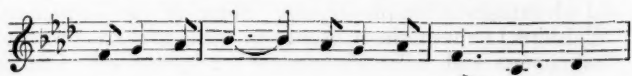


Night within the ample folds of thy darkness
Hide us, encompass us!
From the brightness of day, from the prying eyes of the world,
Cover us, shelter us!
From thy bosom we sprang, to thine arms we return,
Thou art cradle and grave.
Hear us, O mighty mother! With lifted hands
Thy help we crave.
What the dawn may bring to us, be it shame, be it death,
We ask not nor fear.
Only one brief last hour let us dream, let us live
While thou art here.

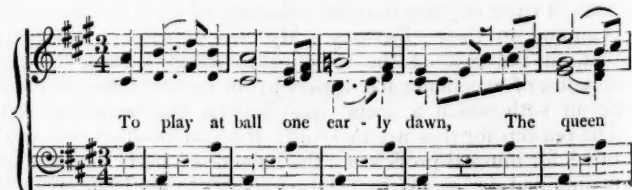
At its close, signs of approaching dawn are seen, the voices of birds are heard, and Azalais appears on the balcony to warn the lovers of the peril in which they stand. She sings a song of which three verses are translated from an old Provençal Alba, or morning song, and which runs as follows:—

Beneath a hawthorn on a blooming lawn,
A lady to her side her friend had drawn
Until the watcher saw the early dawn.
Ah me! ah me! the dawn! it comes too soon.
Oh, that the sheltering night would never flee,
Oh, that my friend would never part from me,
And never might the watch the dawning see!
Ah me! ah me! the dawn! it comes too soon.
Now, sweetest friend, to me with kisses cling,
Down in the meadow where the ousels sing,
No harm shall hate, and jealous envy bring.
Ah me! ah me! the dawn! it comes too soon.
Lovers, arise! the stars begin to pale,
The lark has hushed the timid nightingale;
Arise, ere dawn bring day, and day bring bale.
Ah me! ah me! the dawn! it comes too soon.

The plaintive tune to which these words are set starts thus:—



At its conclusion the three voices are heard together, but no "set piece" of ensemble writing is allowed to interrupt the action. The lovers part, and with the brightening day come trumpeters and retainers to make preparations for a match of "Jeu De Paume" that is to take place between the two districts of Tarascon and Rossilho. The game is accompanied by music in waltz measure, and by a chorus set to a ballad with the refrain "Alavia, gelôs!" (Away, ye jealous!) The subject of this ballad is as follows:—





By the gestures of the singers, as well as by the conversation that ensues between the two counts, it is shown that these are the "jealous" at whom the refrain is pointed, though each is jealous for the other's honour, since Raimon has believed (in part, at least) the confession of Azalais, while Robert has a truer perception of the state of the case. On the entry of Guillem, Count Robert insults him, and a trio is sung before the fight takes place. This number is developed at considerable length, on a subject in E flat, and in 12-8 time. At its close and the commencement of the duel, Margarida, aroused by Count Raimon's voice, rushes between the combatants and, heedless of consequences, declares her love for Guillem. This unexpected avowal brings the act to a conclusion.

(To be continued.)

BERLIOZ'S "BENVENUTO CELLINI" IN CARLSRUHE.

By RICHARD POHL.

(Continued from page 327.)

The second Finale—the Carnival on the Piazza Colonna—is the crowning point of Berlioz's opera; here music and poetry are blended together, the form is perfect, and the expression of dramatic power is worked up in a musicianly spirit. Berlioz had no predecessor here, no model as Meyerbeer had in the third and fourth acts of the *Huguenots*, which are evidently inspired by Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*. Influence is apparent in so far only that Berlioz, stimulated by Meyerbeer, wanted to show how much more he was able to accomplish in similar situations.

He makes us feel this, and we are grieved to think how much the stage has lost through the want of judgment on the part of the Parisians, who let *Benvenuto Cellini* drop out of sight, and in this way gave Berlioz a distaste for grand opera. He returned again to the stage near the close of his life with his opera *Les Troyens*. But the change in him was very apparent.

Berlioz did not succeed in rising higher and higher like Beethoven and Wagner; he did not, like these great men, achieve his greatest work at the last, he was more of a nature like Schumann's, the creative power failing in the prime of life. *Benvenuto Cellini* is an opera semi-seria; the first act throughout is in the comic style, the second becomes very dramatic and serious only near the close, the third is entirely in the serious vein. This mixture of different styles may be one of the principal reasons why *Benvenuto Cellini* did not succeed. It is too serious for comic, and too lively for tragic opera; it ought to be classed as grand opera, and indeed was produced as such, but anyone reading the libretto might look upon it as a comic opera. Liszt called *Benvenuto Cellini* a second *Fidelio*. By this he did not mean that music and words are similar, but that the fate of both operas was much the same. Our greatest German composer conceived a lasting dislike to opera, on account of the numberless difficulties that *Fidelio* met with; Berlioz felt in the same way for a very long time, that is to say until it was too late.

From what we see in *Fidelio*, we are obliged to acknowledge with regret, that Beethoven would have achieved wonders as an opera writer; and these very words apply to *Benvenuto Cellini*, thus clearly showing what Berlioz, the French Beethoven, must have accomplished if he had had free scope for his talents in that direction, and had not been made dissatisfied with the stage and forced to keep to the concert room. It must be taken into consideration that one of the hindrances (which exist no more) against the popularity of *Benvenuto Cellini*, was the difficulty in learning and performing the work, the orchestral part as well as the stage business. Berlioz's writing is more difficult than Wagner's; his melody seems new to the singers, but stranger than all is the curious and difficult

rhythm. Berlioz stands alone as regards originality of rhythm; this peculiarity is especially his own, and I have given it the name of "polyrhythm" (the counterpart of polyphony), as I could find no better word for it. The orchestra is naturally made the most use of in this province, and no other composer has presented such difficulties to some of the instruments. Even the instruments of percussion require thorough study; and, for any one who knows something about the handling of these instruments, it is a real pleasure to see how cleverly and ingeniously they are treated in *Benvenuto Cellini*. The greatest interest is centred in the orchestra, as is always the case with Berlioz. Most of this is lost to the public, who have only ears and eyes for the stage. I have not space to review all the vocal numbers in the opera, but will call attention to the most important ones. Teresa's cavatina, in the first act, is a vocal test. However, in the present day this can be mastered. If there were still a doubt that Berlioz did make use of the old forms in opera, it would only be necessary to look through this cavatina. The love duet that follows is stirring; but even in a passionate climax of this kind Berlioz places the musician before the dramatist—he has written the duet in the form of a canon. This would never have occurred to Wagner. The trio after this (Cellini, Teresa, Fieramosca) is a most graceful and characteristic masterpiece, enormously difficult; but it produces a charming effect if sung at a great speed and as smoothly as possible. These are the chief points of the first act, which is the shortest and least important. Throughout this act we have only to do with comic opera. The first part of the second act, until the change of scene, also retains the comic element: the male chorus of goldsmiths is full of refreshing originality. There is no danger of our male choirs taking it up. The following number, alto solo (Ascanio) with male chorus, is fresh and melodious, and would be effective in a concert. The air that follows, assigned to Fieramosca, is very original. Here Berlioz gives free vent to his humour; the rapid changes of time make this air rhythmically most interesting; at the same time it presents many difficulties. The crowning point of the second act—and, indeed, of the whole opera—is the second finale, the Roman carnival on the Piazza Colonna. Unless this is witnessed, it is impossible to describe it; it is drawn by a master's hand, true to life. I am certain that the casting of the statue of Perseus and the Roman carnival were the reasons that induced Berlioz to write this opera. From these two situations he tried to form the libretto. This could not be managed without a certain restraint. Dramatic unity and constant development are not possible under such circumstances; and in the libretto we come across the old operatic style intermingled with lyrical moments leading up to those great points that were the means of bringing the opera to life.

The carnival depicts Italian life in its gay and joyous moments. The whole nation seems in motion, displaying its most characteristic peculiarities. Berlioz shows us what great command he has over these large crowds of people, in keeping them constantly in motion, music and all, thereby forming a complete whole. This finale is full of powerful touches; and here the great importance of the musician is felt. From the moment of the murder, when a sudden revulsion of feeling takes place, the finale increases in significance, and it is to be accounted greater than anything ever written for the operatic stage; of course always excepting Wagner. The third act brings forward a set of scenes of a very different character, pervaded by the true spirit of penitence. The melancholy chant of the founders is extremely original, and the chorus of penitents behind the stage, with Teresa's and Ascanio's prayer, very impressive, and full of feeling. Then the jubilant duet between Teresa and Cellini is in Berlioz's true style, full of rhythmic life; the solemn entrance of the cardinal being musically very characteristic; but again the Finale is the greatest thing of all, viz., the casting of the Perseus statue, a powerful scene with marvellous orchestration. On the whole, this orchestra is an inexhaustible store of riches rarely to be met with, and always a great attraction to the musician. Of course, the profoundest attention should be paid to the conductor by all the members of the orchestra. Felix Mottl told me that *Benvenuto Cellini* was more difficult to conduct than the *Die Meistersinger*. No wonder that conductors of the old school could not get on with it! But to Mottl it is a real and unalloyed pleasure. He had studied this work most thoroughly and conducted it with un-failing certainty. Rehearsals with piano were held for several

months, and also the most careful rehearsals for the orchestra—not only were all technical difficulties mastered, but Mottl knew how to inspire the artists with enthusiasm for the work. Berlioz's genius shone out conspicuously under these circumstances, and the singers, one and all, did their utmost.

HENRIETTE ROSSI-SONTAG.

BY ADOLPH SCHWARZ.

(From the "Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.")

It is unquestionably a most remarkable psychological phenomenon that events which for years have fallen into oblivion can by a mere accident be recalled with such force to our remembrance that they once more stand revealed with perfect distinctness before our mind's eye.

This, at any rate, is what happened to me, when, in Carl von Gager's *Reminiscences*, entitled "Tote und Lebende" ("The Dead and the Living"), I read the section headed "Henriette Sontag," and all at once beheld before me the distinguished lady with whom I first became acquainted in 1841, in Vienna, at an evening party given by Count Gallenberg, former lessee of the Kärnthner-Theater.

The meeting had entirely escaped my memory. Neither a pamphlet, "Henriette Gräfin Rossi, geborene Sontag," ("Henrietta, Countess Rossi, née Sontag"), published twenty years ago from the pen of A. L. Lua, the tutor of her youngest son, and dedicated by the author to that son, "his dear Luigi, as well as to all the admirers of the never-to-be-forgotten lady;" nor a letter, which came into my possession eleven years since, and was addressed by her from New Orleans, three months before her death, to Herr Mühlh, a theatrical manager, had revived in me the recollection of my having met her, when all at once the beautiful lady, whose voice I was privileged to hear on the evening in question, again stood before me.

This was evidently brought about by Von Gager's article, which in itself was very interesting, but which put me out of humour and irritated me into answering it, because it thrusts the lady's characteristic figure from the pedestal on which the judgment of the world and my knowledge thereof had placed her. And wherefore, to what end, was this necessary?

Even if none of her children were still living—which, however, Herr von Gager expressly says her eldest daughter, Marie, is—(of the eldest son, Alexander, of Addi,* and of Luigi, who has already been mentioned, I know nothing)—her brother, Herr Sontag, the well-known actor, is yet alive. What must be his feelings on seeing his sister described in Herr von Gager's notice as a coquette, a stage princess, and a faithless wife—to see her memory defamed even after the lapse of thirty years?

And by whom? Not by a stranger, who, on account of the piquant facts, might not perhaps, be very severely blamed for his biographical recklessness; no, by an old acquaintance, whom the Countess had known as a boy of fifteen, and whom, after about another fifteen years, she met in Mexico as the speaker of the German deputation sent to welcome her, treating him with the old familiarity, and innocently giving him an insight into her circumstances!

It is, however, only during the first part of their acquaintanceship that she strikes the author as being a coquette. We may perhaps excuse the vanity of youth for boasting of certain liberties in which women now and then indulge towards half-grown boys, without possibly attaching much importance to them, but people take a different view, when a man, and, moreover, a man advanced in years, makes such statements.

The Countess produced on Herr von Gager, when they met again, the impression of being a stage-princess, because she employed alternately three languages when talking to Germans, to her Italian fellow-artists, and to French-speaking Mexicans, and because she displayed an animation and cheerfulness which were evidently forced. It seemed to him that "she found it difficult to accommodate herself to her new position—though she had really returned to her original sphere—and that she wanted to deceive others as to the trouble the effort cost her." She often laughed loudly at a witty

remark or a flattering observation, when, in her eyes, he could read indifference and lassitude. For him, the Countess had completely disappeared behind the Prima Donna.

When, after the lapse of twenty years, persons are compelled to return to their former mode of life, that mode of life is no longer their normal one, especially if they followed it only eight or nine years at an earlier period of their career. On the other hand, when Henriette Sontag went to Mexico, she had resumed singing for five years, and consequently had had plenty of time to "accommodate" herself to circumstances, a task which could not be difficult for a lady possessing such experience of the world and so at home in drawing-rooms; many, moreover, who saw and heard her during her starring-engagement at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in 1851, have lately assured me that, when they met her, they remarked in her behaviour nothing "unstead" but only "well-bred repose." What artist, petted by society but weary of the babble of the drawing-room, has not occasionally laughed out loudly, while lassitude was visible in his eyes, though, as an instrumentalist, for instance, he had never stood on the boards? How, then, do such things concern a Prima Donna more than any one else?

With regard to what Herr von Gager says about the mode of Henriette Sontag's death, namely, that she died of poison and not cholera, as was then reported, and as we may still find stated in print, the suggestion appears not to be new, for, with the intelligence of the lamentable event, a rumour reached Germany that the Countess Rossi had been poisoned by the other members of the company out of professional jealousy. We are now informed that jealousy resulting from love was the motive of the terrible deed, which was committed with the object of putting an end to the intimate relations between a prima donna of eight-and-forty and a primo uomo of three-and-twenty! But the author, who, at the time of the occurrence, was absent from Mexico, adds immediately afterwards, that the details he heard were of so contradictory a nature, that it was impossible for him to get at the whole truth!

And in the Introduction we read: "And just as little will I be responsible for the absolute correctness of the opinions I have formed of the various persons with whom I have been associated."

But enough. I will now tell the unprejudiced reader what I recollect myself, and lay before him the matter in my hands, including the letter, already mentioned, from the fair artist herself, so that he may be able to modify the opinion which, on the strength of Herr von Gager's article he has possibly formed of the exceptionally gifted lady.

Henriette Sontag was descended from a theatrical family, and was born at Coblenz in 1806. As far back as 1821, she made her first appearance as the Princess of Navarre in Prague, where she was educated. After a short engagement in Vienna, she was secured, when only in her eighteenth year, as prima donna, for the Opera established at the new Königsstädter Theater, Berlin, and, while there, created a Royal Chamber-Singer. As early as 1826, we find her in Paris, where, till her retirement from the stage, she enjoyed the highest favour of the public. In 1828, she was secretly married to Count Rossi, then the representative of Sardinia at the Hague, and took part in concerts only, till, after the public announcement of her marriage, she entirely abandoned her professional career. When unfavourable pecuniary circumstances compelled her, in 1849, to return to the stage, she could at once perceive that the favour of the public, as well as the charm of her personal appearance, and the character of her voice, had not deserted her. After singing for four years all over Germany, with the greatest success, and for the highest terms, she went, in 1853, with an Italian company to America, where she was no less popular, but in the following year she succumbed to cholera in Mexico.

Purity, clearness, and flexibility of voice, lightness, neatness, and grace of execution, were the qualities which, exceptionally combined, enabled their possessor to achieve triumphs extending far beyond the usual duration of an artistic career.

Her greatest successes were obtained no less in sprightly than in sentimental and serious parts. As some of her best impersonations may be mentioned, Agathe in *Der Freischütz*, Euryanthe, Rosina in *Il Barbiere*, and Carolina in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*.

I remarked, at the beginning of this article, that I was introduced to the Countess Rossi, and that I heard her sing. Although engaged

* Mentioned in a letter from the Count to Luigi.

at the Hofburgtheater, I appeared, on the evening in question, merely in the modest capacity of accompanist to my sister, Therese,* who sang on the occasion.

I can still see the Countess, as, in a low-necked velvet gown, though her general toilet was simple, she went up to my sister, and complimented her in the most obliging manner on her voice and vocal style. How melodious was her own voice, and how electrifying her execution, which she displayed to the fullest advantage in various Italian and French compositions! Thanks to the grace of her nature, to her affability, and to her liveliness, she fascinated everyone, and that this was the impression she produced was corroborated by Holtei, then giving lectures in Vienna, and writing his *Vierzig Jahre*. He could not tell me enough about her amiability, modesty and obliging disposition, during her engagement at the Königsstädtisches Theater, Berlin, an engagement which he himself had brought about in 1824. He especially emphasized her distinguished manners and gentle disposition. With these qualities he became acquainted during an illness of hers, when all she deplored was the loss, albeit through no fault of hers, she was causing the management.

She is exhibited to us from another point of view by the former tutor of her sons, A. L. Lua, who shows us the very popular lady as a "Schulvorsteherin" ("Lady Principal of a School"), and expresses himself generally about her thus:—"Her husband and children were regarded by her as what she had dearest on earth; she clung, moreover, with unexampled, child-like love to her worthy old mother, and cherished in the depths of her heart her brothers, as well as her only sister, who, impelled by religious enthusiasm, had entered a convent. Her family life was something holy, created by the depth and purity of her spirit, and the high nobility of her soul. Whoever was privileged to become familiar with this sacred home-life of hers, must have been conscious that her fame, with which she filled two hemispheres, had its roots in the highest female virtues of mind and heart. It was my happy fortune to participate for five years in this home-life, which surrounded and adorned by every charm of earthly existence, received its consecration from the gentle warmth and sunshine of such virtues."

I became acquainted with Lua in the seventies, and can safely say that the opinion which he formed in a lustrum, but which he did not publish till sixteen years afterwards (1864), is fully entitled to acceptance.

(To be continued.)

Occasional Notes.

The revival of M. Saint-Saëns's *Henry the Eighth* has led to an incident which will be remembered in the great cause of Singer v. Composer, carried on ever since the days of Handel, and not likely to finish for another century or two. M. Lassalle, the great baritone, thinking that the quartet in the last act would suit his voice better in E flat than in E natural, insisted upon a transposition of the piece, and carried his point against the explicit and reiterated protest of the composer. As is usual in such cases a Nemesis was in store for the offender. Not only did the vocal quartet lose much of its effect, but the orchestral players, not sufficiently prepared for the sudden change, became confused, and something like chaos seems to have been the result. The only bright spot in the picture is the fact that the critics almost unanimously take the composer's part, and administer a sound rating to M. Lassalle for his capriciousness in insisting upon this change after having sung the piece frequently and most beautifully in the original key.

* Subsequently a popular favourite at the Kärnthner-Theater.

The gravity of Juliet's question "What's in a name?" has never been felt more severely than by those responsible for the style and title of the new opera to be produced at Drury Lane on June 8. Even before its birth it has been rebaptised half a dozen times. At first *Guillem de Cabestanh*, the name of the hero, was settled upon; but to this, on second thoughts, publisher and manager objected on account of the stupid puns on Cabestanh, cabstand, capstan, which would have been a foregone conclusion. Then *Margarida*, the name of the heroine, was suggested, but immediately abandoned again, when the image of Gounod threatening odious comparisons rose in the mind. After that *Guillem the Troubadour* was officially announced; but this also has had to give way to the argument that it would be bi-lingual and too long for the playbills. So Guillem has been dropped, and *The Troubadour* alone remains. The new difficulty which would arise should that title ever have to be translated into the Italian *Il Trovatore*, is fortunately forestalled by our esteemed contemporary *La Gazzetta Musicale*, which announces in its current number that "la nuova opera dei Signori Makenzie e Heuffer *Williams the Troubadour*" is in active rehearsal. By that name it may safely be introduced to Verdi's compatriots.

We learn from Bologna that a concert society for high-class orchestral music has recently been started in that ancient university city. Two concerts have already been given with programmes including: Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, the Danse des Sylphes, and Hungarian March from Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust*, Raff's Symphony, "Im Walde," the Prelude to the third act of *Lohengrin*, the Funeral March from Franco Faccio's *Hamlet*, and other pieces by modern Italian composers. The success of the enterprise is entirely due to Signor Crescentini, the young composer and pianist, who, in spite of discouragement and opposition, has formed an orchestra of 120 performers, which he conducts with rare energy and intelligence. We are glad to learn from the same source that Signor Filippi, the leading Italian critic, had sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to be present at the second concert, of which he speaks in terms of high praise in the *Perseveranza*.

The Queen has retained a box for the entire season of Italian Opera at Covent Garden. That the Royal patronage may be extended to the English season at Drury Lane is the humble prayer of all those of Her Majesty's loyal subjects who believe that a thing is not necessarily the worse for being made at home.

M. Jules Rouam, the well-known Paris publisher, announces for next October a work which will take an important place in Wagner literature. It will be entitled, "Richard Wagner, Sa Vie et ses Œuvres," and will be written by M. Adolph Julien, who intends to give a complete account of the master's life and works, together with a careful study of his theories and of his personal character. The artistic portion of the volume promises to be even more interesting than its letter-press. M. Fantin-Latour will contribute twelve elaborate compositions from scenes of Wagner's operas. In addition to this, the editor has collected no less than fourteen portraits of the master, and a large number of caricatures, facsimiles of autographs, and the like. The subscription price for the ordinary edition is 40 francs, and that for 30 numbered copies printed on Japanese paper 100 francs each.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

AUGUSTUS HARRIS begs to announce the engagement of the CARL ROSA COMPANY for a short season of four weeks, at popular prices, commencing MONDAY, MAY 31, with *MARRIAGE OF FIGARO*, Madame Julia Gaylord, Miss Marion Burton, Miss Presano, Madame Georgina Burns; Mr. Barrington Foote, Mr. James Sauvage, Mr. Charles Lyall, Mr. Max Eugene, and Mr. Aynsley Cook. Conductor, Mr. Carl Rosa. Tuesday, *Manon*; Madame Marie Roze and Mr. Barton McGuckin. Wednesday, *Faust*; Madame Georgina Burns and Mr. Ben Davies. Thursday, *Carmen*; Madame Marie Roze and Mr. Barton McGuckin. Friday, *Bohemian Girl*; Madame Julia Gaylord and Mr. J. W. Turner. Saturday Morning, at two, *Marriage of Figaro*, cast as above. Saturday evening, *Manon*.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The Fifth Concert of the Season will take place on Monday, May 31, 1886, at Eight o'clock.

PROGRAMME:—Concert Overture (composed for the Liverpool Exhibition), F. Cowen; Concerto in E flat, No. 5 (Op. 73), for Pianoforte and Orchestra (Beethoven), Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé; Two Orchestral Movements from *Roméo et Juliette* (Berlioz), "Scène d'Amour" and "Scherzo—La Reine Mab"; Symphony in E flat, No. 3, "Eroica" (Beethoven).

Sofa Stalls, 15/- Stalls or Balcony Stalls, 10/6. Balcony (Unreserved), 5/- Area or Gallery, 2/5.

SARASATE'S CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The Fifth and last Concert will take place TO-DAY, at Three o'clock.

PROGRAMME:—Symphony in F, No. 8 (Beethoven); Concerto for Violin (Mackenzie), Señor Sarasate; Concerto in E minor, Op. 64, for Violin (Mendelssohn); Ballet Music from "Der Dämon" (Rubinstein); Fantasia on Airs from *Carmen* (Sarasate), Violin, Señor Sarasate; March in B minor (Schubert-Liszt).

Sofa Stalls, 10/6. Reserved Area, 5/-. Balcony, 3/- Area, 2/- Gallery, 1/-

Tickets for the above Concerts may be obtained of—

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MR. AUSTIN'S Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.
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UNDER the immediate Patronage of her Grace the Duchess (Elizabeth) of Wellington. MR. OBERTHÜR'S MORNING CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, June 2, at the PRINCES' HALL. Vocalists: Mdlle. Noémi Lorenzi, Miss Helen Killik, the Misses Alice and Mina Rees, the Ladies' Choir of the London Conservatoire of Music, Mr. Bernard Lane and Mr. J. F. Campbell. Instrumentalists: Violin, Mdlle. Marianne Eissler; Harp, Miss Maud Dunn Gardner, Miss L. Bonsall, Miss M. Stevens (pupils of Mr. Oberthür, who kindly assist him), and Mr. Oberthür. Conductors, Mr. W. Ganz, Mr. G. Gear, Signor Romili, and Mr. Walter Wesché.—Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d., at the principal music-sellers, and of Mr. Oberthür, 14, Talbot Road, Westbourne Park, W.

MR. JOHN L. CHILD.

MR. JOHN L. CHILD (late of Mr. Irving's Lyceum Company) has the honour to announce that his Third Dramatic and Miscellaneous Recital will take place on Wednesday Morning, JUNE 2, at Three o'clock. Tickets and full particulars of Messrs. CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond Street; and usual Agents.

MADLE VICTORIA DE BUNSEN'S Grand Evening Concert, under Royal and most distinguished Patronage, will take place at the Princes' Hall on May 31.

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LANSDOWNE COTTELL, Director.

MRS. M. A. CARLISLE has the honour to announce her Annual Matinée Musicale on Friday, June 25, at 2.30 p.m. at the Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, when she will be assisted by eminent artists, and offers a varied and attractive programme.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisements should be sent not later than 5 o'clock on Wednesdays, to the Office, at Messrs. MALLET & Co.'s, 68 & 70, Wardour Street, London, W. Telephone No. 3849. Telegraphic address: "ASMAL," London.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886.

CAN MUSIC BE PAINTED?

WE published some time ago an article on those pictures in the Grosvenor Gallery and the Academy which had any reference more or less remote to the divine art of which this journal is the humble and earthly interpreter; and we are glad to see that a leading French paper has done the same thing in connection with the *Salon*. The reader may remember that the harvest reaped by us was very scanty; but that garnered by our contemporary is even less satisfactory. There is the usual number of subjects, belonging originally to the drama, but familiarized to the French public by dint of the opera, such as "Le Réveil de Juliette," by M. Masenan, "Ophélie," by M. Boureau, and yet another "Roméo et Juliette," by M. Pertuiset. The most striking picture belonging to this class appears to be "La Barque de Don Juan," by M. Rixens, introducing all the characters of Mozart's opera, but more immediately inspired by Baudelaire's fantastic and beautiful poem, which describes Don Juan in the boat of Charon being ferried across the Styx. The victims of his treachery, although perhaps not to the number of Leporello's "*mille e tre*," float around him in a kind of shadowy phantasmagoria, and a "great man of stone" stands at the bow:—

"Frisonant sous son deuil, la pâle et maigre Elvire
Près de l'époux perfide et qui fut son amant,
Semblait lui demander un suprême sourire
Ou passât la douceur de son premier serment."

But he never heeds the threatenings of the ghastly crew:

Mais le calme héros, courbé sur sa rapière,
Regardait le sillage et ne daignait rien voir.

One can imagine the amount of cleverness and melodramatic effect that a French artist would throw into such a subject—the pallor of the women's faces and forms, *chic* though deceased; the weird chiaroscuro of the atmosphere; the smile that plays round the lips of the defiant voluptuary. All this may be very fine in its way, but what, one asks, has music to do with it? M. Rixens might have painted his picture, if he had only known Molière's "Festin de pierre," or Baudelaire's poem, or Daponte's libretto, without a note of Mozart's music. And the same remark applies in a modified way to pictures in general. They deal with musical instruments, with operatic subjects, or, if the painter be symbolically inclined, with Saint Cecilia or Polyhymnia the Muse. But the spirit of music, or of a definite musical piece, what painter has ever been able to fix that upon his canvas, or even attempted to do so? M. Schaunard, the painter-musician, in "La Vie de

Bohème," writes a symphony on the subject of the colour blue, but even he does not paint any pictures in illustration of his symphonies or sonatas. We remember having some conversation on this subject with the President of the Royal Academy, who is well known to be a distinguished musical amateur. Music, he confessed, had never inspired him with any subject, although, by moving the innermost depths of his nature, it assisted him in carrying out a subject once conceived with more sustained enthusiasm than might otherwise have been possible. The spirit of music then, having never been painted, would appear to be unpaintable.

It now remains to reverse the question and ask, if music is of little help to the painter, of what assistance can painting be to the musician? Here again, we do not take into account the general elevation of mind which a composer may derive from looking at a great work of pictorial or sculptural art. In this sense each art assists the other, and nature assists them all. But apart from this, cases of more or less direct inspiration may be traced. Liszt's symphonic poem, "Die Hunnenschlacht," is avowedly based upon Kaulbach's picture of that name, and Mendelssohn confessed that certain flourishes of the flute in his overture, "Calm sea and prosperous voyage," were suggested to him by a little paper figure of a dancer, which he had nailed to the mast and which threw up its legs when the wind began to rise. It may be asked what possible connection there can be between notes on the flute and the legs of a dancer? But here the great principle of the "association of ideas" comes in. The open notes on the violin in the highest octaves, suggest airiness, lightness, brightness. So does the blue sky, with white fleecy clouds flying across it in a summer breeze. We think that we can gaze through it into Heaven itself; we have the same feeling when listening to the fiddles in the *Lohengrin* prelude. The least imaginative person would easily identify in his mind the bassoon with a heavy father, and the harp with a blighted maiden dying of love. All these ideas naturally interconnect themselves, whether we hear them in music or see them in pictures, or read them in a book of poetry. If it were not for this the musical drama, or the song, or the symphonic poem would be an absurdity; the tune and the words would run in parallel lines without ever commingling and becoming one "as they must needs, the sister and the brother." And it is the same with pictures. The deep symbolism which is at the bottom of music is quite capable of embodying the poetic idea, and even the external adjuncts of a pictorial subject, although its own essence is of too ethereal a nature to be translated into visible form. In other words, music cannot be painted, but a picture can be set to music.

Correspondence.

GREEK ACCENTS AND MODERN MUSIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—In your account of the performance at the Richter Concerts of Mr. Stanford's music to the *Eumenides*, you give some interesting remarks from a correspondent on the proper manner of singing Greek verse. Will you allow me to add a few words on the subject? Your

correspondent writes: "I cannot let the occasion pass without uttering a strong protest. . . against the barbarity of adopting the English system of pronunciation upon this occasion. Dr. Stanford has faithfully followed the quantitative rules of metre, to the absolute neglect of the accentual stress, with the result that the whole rhythm of his music hinges upon a theory, which to the educated Greek of to-day is a preposterous absurdity. . . I hope there were no Greeks present on Monday night. In case there were, one can well imagine their feelings on listening to the strange vowel sounds and stranger consonants of the 'original—very original—language.' In this criticism there are two distinct propositions, one of them certainly true, whatever may be the true bearing of it on the present case, the other, as I conceive, mistaken. No one supposes that the vowels and consonants of ancient Greek were sounded as we are in the habit of sounding them now. But it must be added, as an excuse for the adoption of the conventional English pronunciation by Mr. Stanford's chorus, that the agreement of the authorities goes at present little beyond this negative proposition, and that before training his men on any other system, Mr. Stanford must have decided a number of points on which there is no agreement at all, with the result, after all, that his "Greek" would then have been strange, not only to the majority, but also to the minority who followed it familiarly, as it was. But as to the other proposition—if the music had been written on the assumption that the Greek "accents" marked the stress of the rhythm, it might have satisfied "the educated Greeks of to-day," but would assuredly have been condemned by most students of the ancient language. Few things may be asserted with greater confidence, than that the Greek "accents," whatever they were, were not marks of stress. The ordinary verse of the tragedians, for example, their equivalents for our own blank verse, is rendered (at least, this is a general opinion) completely formless by such an assumption, and we have the strongest evidence that the Latin poets, whose system of stress we know, read the Greek metres, in respect of stress, much in the same way as ourselves, and not at all as they would have to be read if stress were marked by the accents. What it was that the grammarian, who invented the accents, did mean to indicate, is a delicate question, which cannot here be discussed; it was probably "tone." That the rhythms of Mr. Stanford's music are always those intended by Æschylus, I would certainly not assert. No one knows exactly how Greek lyric verse was sung, nor ever will know, till we recover the music for which it was composed. But in the main, the stress must have been what Mr. Stanford supposes. I do not understand that those educated Greeks, whose education has included the study of poetical literature in general, agree in asserting that the accents of the grammarians represented stress, but so far as they do, they are, and are likely to remain, in a minority.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

A. W. VERRALL.

Trinity College, Cambridge,
May 24, 1886.

MODERN MUSIC TO GREEK PLAYS.

THE most recent thing in the way of fashionable epidemics is the performance of more or less genuine Greek dramas by artists and amateurs of various degrees of ability. We do not intend to treat our readers to a dissertation on the respective merits, literary, dramatic, or otherwise, of either "The Story of Orestes" as given in Princes' Hall, or "Helena in Troas" as presented in what is now called "the Greek Theatre" (i.e., Hengler's Circus). Yet the performances were not without an interest for musicians, inasmuch as they gave rise to two new compositions; for it is obviously impossible to represent a Greek Play, or even a play framed on Greek lines, without a very considerable amount of music, and it is scarcely less impossible to fit any existing music to the words of the choruses, which of necessity play so important a part in this kind of entertainment. It may be as well to say at once that criticism of the manner in which the incidental music attached to both plays was interpreted would be quite out of place, for

only the faintest possible meed of praise could be given to the singing of either choir, while the instrumental portions of both works were so slight as to make no mark, though in the hands of thoroughly competent executants. The reason of the errors of tune and time perpetuated by both choirs alike is not far to seek. Neither the ladies who, as the Trojan maidens in "Helena," grouped themselves with such extraordinary perfection of stage management, nor the amateurs of both sexes who strutted and stamped about the tiny stage of the Princes' Hall in the guise of maidens, furies, and elders, can have had the smallest experience of singing and gesticulating at the same time; and of course, where scholars are concerned, music has to go to the wall, so that the attitudes and gestures may at least be correct, whether the music be in or out of tune.

Of the music to "The Tale of Troy," which was revived at Princes' Hall a few weeks ago, it will not be necessary to speak in detail, seeing that it was written some time since, for the first production of the succession of tableaux and isolated scenes from the Iliad and Odyssey which goes by the name above mentioned. For the rest it is the work of Dr. Monk, Mr. Goldschmidt, Mr. Gadsby, &c., and much of it is graceful and attractive. The new music, composed by Mr. Walter Parratt for the condensed version of Æschylus's trilogy which was presented on the 13th and 15th of May under the title of "The Story of Orestes," bears some traces of that severity of style which was prominent in the same composer's music to the "Agamemnon" as performed by members of the University of Oxford. The accompaniment, for instance, is confined to two harps, and in more than one chorus in the scenes from *The Eumenides* an ecclesiastical character is given to the music by the use of a kind of plain-chant. None of the choruses is elaborate, either in arrangement or extent. The longest and most intricate, where all are comparatively short and simple is the opening chorus of maidens, beginning, "Loud raved the Thracian blast," but even here part-writing was the exception rather than the rule, and homophony was never for an instant discarded. As the scene at the tomb of Agamemnon was in all respects the most successful in the play, so the music in this division was more effective than that which occurred in any other scene; this impression may have been due to the fact that it was undoubtedly better sung than any of the other choruses. The Furies' chorus of blessing, in the final scene, must also be mentioned with approval, but there is no number in the work that would bear the test of performance apart from the stage.

In the case of "Helena in Troas," the composer of the music, Mr. Luard Selby, had a far easier task, inasmuch as he was permitted the use of an orchestra, though an orchestra of the smallest dimensions, so that a short prelude before the entry of the chorus was a possibility. It was not very easy to form a definite opinion as to the merits of the music, for, as we have said above, the ladies of the chorus, although in the matter of grouping and gesticulation they were beyond all praise, were by no means faultless either in time or tune; still it was sufficiently plain that the composition is the work of a sound and capable musician, and some numbers are exceedingly graceful, while others, as for instance the invocation to Apollo in the first scene, are broadly conceived and ably executed. The declamatory portions, such as the first chorus, are less satisfactory, but some of these are interesting. The second part of the opening chorus, "Surge, surge of the sea," is exceedingly good, and a short entr'acte in B minor is admirable in its gloom. In the scene where Paris enters wounded by Philoctetes, we cannot approve of the expedient of making him sing, even though his part of the dialogue is only on a single note. Whether on the grounds of historic accuracy or on those of effect, it is equally to be regretted. Nor can we regard the giving of a musical solo to the leader of the chorus

as a successful proceeding, though in the final chorus, in which her voice is answered by another voice behind the scenes, the effect was certainly excellent. On the whole, Mr. Selby's music must be considered decidedly successful, and it might well be heard in other surroundings.

"Musical World" Stories.

A WILD PIGEON CHASE.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS (THE ELDER).

(Continued from page 331.)

"As you may suppose, we only crossed the high road. We were not eager for frequented places. A few thousand steps and we were in the mountains, and, as Picard had foretold, that is to say at day-break, we were entering Chanciano. The innkeeper received us like expected visitors. It seems we were regular customers.

"M. Dumas, we had been twelve hours on the march, and so far as I could calculate the distance, I reckoned we had come at least twenty leagues.

"We were helped down, my violin and I, M. Dumas. I was as stiff as my violin.

"The bandits ordered breakfast. I asked for a bed.

"I was taken to a little room with only one barred window and a door opening into the room where the bandits were about to breakfast. It was useless even to think of escape. Besides if I had wanted to, M. Dumas, it was impossible. I had been pounded like pepper.

"As I was taking off my knee breeches—they were still worn at this time; besides, I wore them as late as 1830—as I was taking them off I say, I thought of the paper Miss Rina had given me. I had forgotten it during our night trip. Even if I had thought of it, sir, you see I couldn't have read it in the darkness.

"It was a little note, written in pencil, and ran as follows:—'My dear M. Louet.' In spite of my eagerness to know what followed, I stopped. 'Dear me,' I thought, 'so it seems Miss Rina knows me.' Having thus reflected, I went on: 'You will understand that my present company pleases me no better than it does you. But for a successful escape we require prudence even more than courage. I hope that at the right time you will lack neither; indeed, I will set you an example. In the meantime, pretend not to know me. I should have liked to return your ring, at which I have observed you looking anxiously more than once; but as I need it for our common deliverance, I retain it. Good-bye, dear M. Louet. We shall meet again some day, I hope. You in the orchestra, and I upon the boards at Marseilles.'

ZEPHIRINE.

"P.S.—Swallow this note.'

"The signature, sir, explained it all. She was that little Zephirine who was so successful that for three years running she had been re-engaged at the Marseilles Theatre. You can't remember, M. Méry; you are too young. Just see how strangely people meet.

"I read this letter over a second time, and it was then I felt the full force of the postscript. 'Swallow my note.' It would be prudent, but it was not pleasant. Nevertheless I obeyed Miss Zephirine's orders, and slept more soundly from the knowledge that I had a friend in the gang.

"I was in my soundest sleep, when I felt somebody shaking me by the arm. I opened my eyes with a sneeze. I think I mentioned that I always sneeze when I wake up. It was the lieutenant that was making thus free with me.

"Up, up," he said. "The hussars are at Montepulciano. We start in a quarter of an hour."

"One bound brought me from my bed to my clothes. I could still hear those dreadful bullets whistling past my ears.

"The first person I saw as I left my room was Miss Zephirine.

"She was as gay as a lark. I admired the young lady's strength of mind, and resolved to imitate her. Meanwhile to reassure her I made a sign to say that I had swallowed the note. No doubt she thought that if that was all I had had it was not enough for my support, for, turning with a laugh towards the captain—

"'Tonino,' said she, 'our orchestra is making signs to you that he is as empty as his fiddle. Wouldn't he have time for a little breakfast?'

"Bah,' replied the captain, 'he can eat at Sorrano.'

"'Are we ready?' asked Zephirine.

"'Stop, I will go and see,' said the captain, and he stepped out on the landing.

"'Siamo pronti?' he cried.

"Zephirine, meanwhile, ran to the window, drew my diamond ring from her finger, and rapidly wrote something on the pane. When the captain returned he found her at the same spot where he had left her.

"'Come,' he said, 'we will rest at Sorrano. We must have been betrayed,' he muttered, through his teeth, 'or these hussars must be magicians.'

"Then motioning me to go before, he gave his arm to Zephirine and came down stairs with her.

"Our horses were waiting for us as on the preceding day. The same arrangement was made, and we set out in the same order. Only, as we had set out earlier the night was less advanced when we arrived. It is nevertheless true that we found hardly anything to eat in the wretched inn to which the captain brought us; and if Miss Zephirine had not been kind enough to give me half her supper, I should have gone to bed fasting.

"I had not been in bed ten minutes when I heard a diabolical noise. I leapt out of bed, seized my clothes and opened the door.

"'What is the matter?' I asked.

"The room was full of armed bandits.

"'The matter is that we are trapped by these infernal hussars,' said the lieutenant, 'and there must be some traitor in our midst. By heaven! if I thought it was you—'

"'Di quà, di quà,' exclaimed the innkeeper, opening a door which led to a secret staircase.

"The captain sprang out first, dragging Miss Zephirine by the hand. Picard pushed me after them. The rest of the band followed.

"At the foot of the stairs, the innkeeper went into a little closet used for storing firewood and raised a trap-door which was in the corner. The captain understood, though not a word passed. He went first down the ladder, carrying Miss Zephirine. We all followed him. The innkeeper closed the trap-door over us, and I heard him replacing the firewood to conceal it. Picard then removed the ladder, so that our pursuers would have to leap one at a time down a distance of fifteen feet to reach the cave in which we were.

"I need hardly tell you, sir, that I availed myself of the first moment of respite to put on my clothes.

"In about a minute we heard a knocking at the door, as if some one was going to batter it in.

"'I schioppi sono caricati?' enquired the captain.

"As this was the identical question that had been put to me by our driver, I understood it perfectly. Moreover at that very instant I heard the noise of the ramrods in the barrels of those whose guns were not yet ready.

"'Gentlemen,' I exclaimed, 'gentlemen, I venture to hope—'

"'Silence, if you value your life,' said Picard.

"'What? If I value my life. Why, of course I do.'

"'Silence, or I will gag you.'

"I was silent, but I looked about for a corner where I could shelter myself from the bullets. There was no sheltered corner in this accursed cave, sir. It was just like a prison cell.

"We heard the inn door being opened, and at the same time from the stamping of boot-heels and musket butts we knew that a troop of soldiers had entered the inn. You see, we had been closely followed.

"There were twenty of us in this vault, sir, and yet we were so silent that you might have heard a fly.

"But overhead the case was different. It sounded as if the house was being sacked. The shouts and oaths were something awful.

"Two or three times we heard the soldiers actually enter the little wood closet which hid the entrance to our cave, and then our silence was broken by the cocking of carbines. The merest trifle, of a noise, sir, yet it went to my heart.

At last, after three or four hours, all this uproar gradually ceased. Absolute silence followed, then we heard the firewood being moved

away, and the trapdoor opened. It was our host, who came to tell us that the Frenchmen, tired of their fruitless search, had gone away, and we might come out.

"While the bandits were thronging round the entrance to talk to the innkeeper, Miss Zephirine, who remained alone with your humble servant at the end of the vault, came quickly towards me and took my hand.

"'We are saved,' she said.

"'Pray, how so?' I asked.

"'Ernest is on our track.'

"'Who is Ernest?'

"'A young hussar officer—my lover.'

"'Why, I know him.'

"'A fine young fellow, about five or six and twenty. About your height, but with a better figure.'

"'That's right. I travelled with him from Piombino to — But wait a minute. Yes, he spoke to me about you.'

"'He spoke about me? Dear Ernest.'

"'But he must be a magician to track us like this.'

"'No, my dear sir, he is no magician. But at every inn where we stop I write my name and the name of our next halting-place upon the window pane.'

"'Oh! I see now why you require my ring. I beg a thousand pardons for my unworthy and exaggerated suspicions. No doubt it marks well. It is a genuine diamond.'

"'Hush. They are talking about something important.'

"She listened for a moment; but as the bandits were speaking Italian, I could understand nothing.

"'Good,' said Miss Zephirine; 'Caprarola, Caprarola! Mind you remember that name, in case I forget. We are going to Caprarola.'

"'What!' I cried in terror, 'are we off again—'

"'What?' said Picard, turning round.

"'Nothing, lieutenant, nothing. I was uneasy about my violin, that is all.'

"Zephirine slipped rapidly away from me into the midst of the bandits. When the captain looked round for her, she was by his side.

"'Well, my little Rina, these French devils have gone.'

"'Ah, I breathe again. Do you know which way they went?'

"'Our host thinks he has discovered that the company of the Grand Duchess's hussars has no right to come any further. But a young officer who was with them has an order to pursue us, and to requisition soldiers wherever he may find any.'

"'Well, what shall we do?'

"'Resume our march.'

"'In broad daylight?'

"'Oh, never fear; we have our own private roads.'

"'But I am really very tired.'

"'Courage, my darling; the journey is not a long one—five-and-thirty miles at most.'

"'Anyhow I trust it will not take us long.'

"'To-morrow night we shall be in safety.'

"'Then let us be off.'

"'March,' cried the captain.

"'Where is my violin?' I asked of Picard.

"'Don't be alarmed, it has been taken care of,' he replied.

"'It has been taken care of! Then that's all right.'

"You see my violin was my shield.

"So we set out again. The innkeeper himself wished to become guide, and he did not leave us until we had reached what the captain called one of his private roads. It was the devil's own road, sir.

"About noon we entered a great forest, a regular bandit's lair, and no mistake. Indeed, I am quite sure that if we had not been in such good company, we should have met with some unpleasant adventures. At four o'clock we reached Caprarola.

"There, at any rate, sir, we passed a day and a night in peace; for thanks to Mr. Ernest, we no longer had any time to eat and drink. For the present, however, it seemed as if he was off our track, or had not sufficient soldiers to follow it up.

"The inn was provisioned ill enough, but a messenger was sent to the nearest town—which, I believe, I heard somebody call Ronciglione, and he brought the wherewithal to make a comfortable dinner.

"At three in the morning we were awakened, but as I had gone to bed at about six in the afternoon, I had still had my eight or nine hours sleep. That is my regular allowance, M. Dumas; when I don't get my eight hours sleep I feel quite ill.

"This time the journey was short. About eleven in the morning we crossed a river on a barge, then there was a halt for breakfast at an inn, which I heard called the Barberini Inn.

"Here," said the captain, "we are at home."

"What," cried Zephyrine, "at home in a villainous inn like this. Where is the splendid country house you told me of?"

(To be continued.)

Opera.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The Italian opera season at Covent Garden commenced on Tuesday last, under decidedly favourable auspices. Starting with Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*—a pronounced example of the style of opera which has been lately described in some quarters as nearly, if not altogether, extinct—the management cannot fail to have derived encouragement from the numerous and brilliant audience which assembled. The result was a creditable performance, Madame de Cepeda as the Duchess singing well throughout, and rising from conventionality to moments of distinct dramatic power in the better opportunities afforded her after the first act. Signor Gayarré, in the part of Gennaro, showed his old *abandon*, and renewed his old successes in the parts best adapted for the display of his expressive style of singing and acting. The well-known trio in the second act fairly brought down the house. The young *débutante*, Madlle. Lubatovi, who undertook the part of Maffeo Orsini, is gifted with good looks and a good voice. Nervousness at the commencement should in no wise be counted against her, for when this was partially overcome, she rose to the occasion in "Il Segreto," and her performance as a whole made a decidedly favourable impression. Signor Pandolfini was Duke Alfonso. The chorus was good, and minor parts were satisfactorily filled by Signori Monti, Corsi, Ughetti, Degiani, Fille, and Pierini. Signor Bevignani proved himself, as usual, an able conductor. After a few more performances it will be easier to judge whether there still exists a public sufficiently large to support Italian opera in London.

Concerts.

RUBINSTEIN'S RECITALS.

Rubinstein is carrying on his colossal enterprise with unabated spirit and vigour, and for the benefit of future generations we continue our system of reprinting the programmes of his recitals, the second and third of which were as follows:—

SECOND RECITAL.

LUDWIG V. BEETHOVEN. Born 1770, at Bonn (Baptized, December 17); died at Vienna, March 26, 1827. Eight Sonatas:—1. Op. 27, C sharp minor (1801); 2. Op. 31, D minor (1802); 3. Op. 53, C major (1803); 4. Op. 57, F minor, Appassionata (1804); 5. Op. 90, E minor (1814); 6. Op. 101, A major (1815); 7. Op. 109, E major (1821); 8. Op. 111, C. minor (1822).

THIRD RECITAL.

FRANZ SCHUBERT. Born January 31, 1797, at Lichtenthal, near Vienna; died November 19, 1828, at Vienna.—1. Fantasia, C major, Wanderer Fantasia; 2. Moments Musicaux, No. 1—6; 3. Menuet, B minor; 4. Impromptus, C minor and E flat major.

CARL MARIA V. WEBER. Born December 18, 1786, at Eutin, in Oldenburg; died June 5, 1826, at London.—1. Sonata, A flat major (1816, composed at Berlin); 2. Momento Capriccioso (1808, composed at Stuttgart); 3. Invitation to the Waltz (1819, composed at Klein Hosterwitz, near Pillnitz); 4. Polacca Brillante, E major (1819).

FELIX MENDELSSOHN. Born February 3, 1809, at Hamburg; died November 4, 1847, at Leipzig.—1. Variations Sérieuses; 2. Capriccio, E minor; 3. Lieder ohne Worte: a. E major (I. volume, No. 1), b. A minor (I., 2), c. Gondellied, F sharp minor (II., 6), d. Frühlingslied, A major (V., 6), e. E

flat major (III., 1), f. B minor (VI., 5), g. E major (VI., 6), h. A flat major (IV.), i. E flat major (IV.), k. F major (IV.), l. Volkslied, A minor (IV.); 4. Presto e Capriccio.

It would take us too far, and would be quite unnecessary to enter into detailed criticism of the performances. The programmes indeed may be said to supply their own comment. No player surely was ever more unequal than Rubinstein at the Beethoven recital for example, when he played eight sonatas at a sitting. That in D minor was a dream of beauty. Perfect in its *technique*, and full of poetic delicacy, it was like Beethoven's spirit speaking through the great virtuoso, who indeed resembles the master of all masters in the cast of his features. Immediately after this came the Sonata in C major, Op. 53, known as the Waldstein Sonata. This is one of the two sonatas which approach most closely to the term *pièce de bravura*. Rubinstein accepted it in that sense; he took it at a fast and furious pace almost from beginning to end, and his *martellato* tried the chords of a good, but not very powerful instrument to the utmost. In the great Sonata in E he again reached the level of excellence unattainable by any other living artist. So great a work, played by so great a master at his best, is a thing to be remembered. During the third recital there were occasional traces of fatigue, to be accounted for perhaps by his journey to Liverpool and back. In Weber's "Invitation to the Waltz," for instance, the rhythmic characteristics of the composition were so entirely lost, that it was scarcely recognizable as a waltz at all. On the other hand, he was at his best in Schubert's "Wanderer Fantasia," and maintained the same degree of perfection in Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," of which he played not only the eleven numbers mentioned in the programme, but also the "Spinnerlied."

MR. D'ALBERT'S NEW SYMPHONY.

The programme of Monday night's Richter Concert, the fourth of the series, was of more than ordinary importance to those interested in serious music, and more especially in English music. Mr. Eugene d'Albert, whose new symphony was produced on the occasion, was born and educated in England, and won his earliest successes in England, although, in a freak of boyish impetuosity, he repudiated some years ago all connexion with this country, where, according to his own account, he was born by mere accident and where he learnt nothing. The matter would be of very little consequence were not even those most justly incensed at his ingratitude compelled to admit the undoubted gift of the young musician whom no country would like to miss from among its musical worthies. As a pianist he has established a very high reputation on the Continent, and as a composer his pianoforte concerto played by himself at a Richter concert some years ago raised great expectations. These were, it must be owned, somewhat disappointed by an overture, or, more properly speaking, a symphonic poem, called "Hyperion" and founded upon Hölderlin's philosophic romance of that name, which Herr Richter also produced, and which, although distinguished by serious purpose and considerable technical acquirements, did not show much creative power in the absolute sense of the word. Lately the news came from Germany of a symphony written by Mr. d'Albert and given with great success at Dresden, Berlin, and other cities, and it is this work which Herr Richter introduced to a large and attentive audience on Monday. To those who look upon Mr. d'Albert as a champion of the so-called "advanced" school, his symphony in F will be somewhat disappointing. Unlike his master, Liszt, the composer has not thought fit to affix a title to his work, beyond that of the key in which it is written, and if a story or poetic idea was in his mind while composing, he has left it to the imagination of the audience to find it out. There are moreover the orthodox four movements, respectively labelled *Allegro moderato*, *Lento ma non troppo*, *Prestissimo*, and *Andante moderato* leading to a final *Allegro*. When speaking recently of M. Saint-Saëns's symphony in C we referred to the tendency in modern music towards establishing a kind of inter-connexion between the movements of such a work, which in the strictly classical form are separate organisms. Mr. d'Albert also yields to the same tendency, and the chief connecting link he has established is the opening theme of the first *allegro*—a theme well worthy of so important a function, for it is melodious and sympathetic. It is, indeed, by far the best theme in the symphony, which does not

abound in original ideas. To judge of a work so seriously conceived and so ably executed from a first impression would be unfair. On the other hand, we are compelled to confess that that first impression was the reverse of favourable. If the symphony had been intended for a proof of its composer's technical proficiency it would fulfil its mission. The orchestration is, with few exceptions, well balanced, and the treatment of the subjects is even better. It is, indeed, thematic treatment in the strict sense of the word, not a mere "metamorphosis of themes," as the modern phrase runs. What we mean is that d'Albert takes, so to speak, his subjects to pieces, developing from each of these pieces a new subject and introducing them in a variety of interesting combinations. All this in its way is excellent enough; but in a young composer one would like to see a little less self-possession, a little more "storm and stress" as Carlyle would have said. The only traces of the latter are to be discovered in the final movement, which for that reason we consider to be the most promising of the four. The second subject is rhythmically striking and clings to the memory, and the instrumentation, although occasionally loud and overweighted with brass, is at least full of colour. Second in merit is the opening *allegro*, which is suave and melodious and excellently developed—if we except a kind of interlude in *fugato* style, which appears somewhat irrelevant. Very uninteresting is the slow movement, which is entirely wanting in the breadth of melody without which an *adagio* has no reason for existence. The *scherzo*—for a *scherzo* with a well-defined *trio* the third movement is to all intents and purposes—is marked by lively rhythms of a popular character without leaving a very definite impression on the mind. The symphony gained what it deserved, a *succès d'estime*. Its performance under Herr Richter was worthy of such a conductor and such an orchestra.—*The Times*.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The fifth Philharmonic Concert was superior to its predecessors by the fact that it introduced a novelty of almost sensational interest, if not perhaps of the highest artistic value. Philharmonic audiences do not as a rule shine by susceptibility to new impressions. They are in their tastes what they would themselves probably call classical, and what a cold world is apt to describe as narrow-minded. To rouse this kind of public to something very much like enthusiasm was a triumph for M. Saint-Saëns; the more so as his Symphony in C minor and major takes liberties with the canons of so-called classical art, which some people think as immutable as the laws of Medes and Persians. The term "new" applies to the work in more than one sense. Not only has it been written at a very recent date, but also displays some features never to our knowledge attempted by other masters. First, as regards scoring, we have not only the full modern orchestra with a more than usually large complement of brass and percussion, but to all these are superadded two instruments, the organ and the pianoforte, which when used by other composers in connexion with the orchestra are always individualities separate from it, never simple components thereof. Beethoven's Concerto in E flat has been called a symphony with an obligato part for pianoforte; but in this work no such independent character is given to the keyed instrument. It is turned to various uses, now emphasizing a theme, now surrounding it with arpeggios. It is, in fact, part and parcel of the orchestra. That the composer was wrong in doing this merely because no one else has chosen to do it before him, only a staunch believer in the finality of established forms would venture to assert. The organ indeed adds greatly to the sonorous effect of the composer's orchestra, especially in the beautiful slow movement, to which it gives a solemn—not to say religious—character. At the same time we should be loath to see the pianoforte permanently supersede the harp, which, curiously enough, is absent from the long list of M. Saint-Saëns's instruments. Another innovation applies to the structural design of the work. It is the tendency of modern music to establish some connexion between the various movements of a symphony or concerto which in the strictly classical form are altogether separate. What Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schumann have done in that direction is known to every student. M. Saint-Saëns proceeds in the following manner:—He links the *adagio* to the opening *allegro*, and the finale to the *scherzo*, thus dividing his symphony into two instead of four sections. Apart from that he uses the first theme as a kind of

leitmotif. Its presence is felt throughout the work. It appears again and again in various transformations, and finally serves as the subject of the Coda, which brings the symphony to a triumphant close. We have endeavoured to indicate the general design of this interesting piece. To dwell upon the delicate and carefully considered details of the workmanship would exceed the limits of the space at our disposal, and would, moreover, necessitate an amount of technical language for which this is not the place. It will be more to the point to state that the work made a favourable impression, which we have no doubt the deliberate opinion of musicians will confirm. M. Saint-Saëns is a master of his craft, and what is more he makes that mastery subservient to the expression of a poetic idea. What that idea has been in this case, what image or what line of a poem he connects for example with the representative theme already referred to the composer has not stated; but the imaginative listener will recognize such a latent meaning, quite as distinctly as if it were couched in words, as in the case of the *Rouet d'Omphale* or the *Danse Macabre*. We cannot help thinking that the effect of M. Saint-Saëns's music would be improved if he had been less reticent. There are some composers who affix titles to their pieces which have no apparent relation to the music at all, others, who write music so simple and so consistently developed, that one enjoys it as one enjoys the murmuring of a brook or the sighing of the wind without asking for an ulterior meaning. The first division of the present symphony is of that description, but later on, as the composer's fancy grows bolder, and he assumes a little the airs of a Mephistopheles, the hearer would welcome some sort of aid to his imagination so as to comprehend the composer's flight. However that may be, the symphony was, as we said before, well received, having indeed been admirably played under the composer's own direction. In the first part of the concert M. Saint-Saëns played Beethoven's concerto in G, in masterly style. The remainder of the concert, in which Madame Antoinette Sterling and Miss Agnes Larkcom co-operated as vocalists, did not present any noteworthy features.

MADAME FRICKENHAUS AND HERR LUDWIG'S CHAMBER CONCERTS.

A well-selected programme was satisfactorily carried out at the second concert given by the above artists at Princes' Hall on Tuesday evening. Besides Grieg's Sonata in D minor for piano and violin, the concerted pieces were Rheinberger's pianoforte quartet in E flat and Mozart's string quartet in A major, in which Messrs. Collins, Gibson, and Whitehouse also took part. For his solo, Herr Ludwig chose Tartini's "Trille du Diable," again revealing a delicacy of expression and neatness of execution, combined with an absence of anything like affectation, which many other artists would do well to imitate. Madame Frickenhaus was heard in Chopin's *scherzo* No. 4 in E major, which fully served to sustain her previous reputation as a pianist. Owing to Mr. Vaughan Edwards being unable to sing, a substitute was found in Miss Aloof, who, in selecting two modern ballads, "My love is nigh" and "Can you forget," for which her voice is well suited, evinced a desire to be heard in music familiar, if not distinguishable.

Prospective Arrangements at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

ST. PAUL'S.

SUNDAY, May 30 (*Fifth Sunday after Easter*).—Morning: Te Deum and Benedictus (Prout), in F; Introit, "O send out Thy light" (Calkin), Psalm xliii., 3, 4; Holy Communion (Prout), in F. Evening: (1). Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Stanford), in A; Anthem, "When Israel out of Egypt came" (Mendelssohn), No. 359. (2). Magnificat, &c. to Chants; Hymns as on printed paper.

MONDAY, May 31 (*Rogation Day*).—Morning: Te Deum and Benedictus (Walmisley), in D; Anthem, "Thou visitest the earth" (Greene), No. 158. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Prout), in F; Anthem, "Our soul on God with patience waits" (Garrett).

TUESDAY, June 1 (*Rogation Day*).—Morning: Te Deum and Benedictus (Garrett), in E flat; Anthem, "O clothe our valleys" (Spohr),

No. 913. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Stainer), in E.; Anthem, "By His care are we protected" (Mendelssohn), No. 827.

WEDNESDAY, June 2 (*Rogation Day. High Service at Evensong*).—Morning: Te Deum and Jubilate (Hopkins), in A. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Smart) in B flat; Anthem, "Thou art gone up on high," "Lift up your heads" (Handel), No. 194.

THURSDAY, June 3 (*Ascension Day. High Service. Athanasian Creed*).—Morning: Te Deum and Benedictus (Martin), in C; Introit, "Hail festal day" (Baden Powell), No. 5, verses 1, 6; Holy Communion (Beethoven), in C; Sanctus and Gloria (Martin), in C. Evening: (1), Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Fanning), in C; Anthem, "King all glorious (Barnby), No. 634; Hymn 147, "Hail the day that sees Him rise." (2), Magnificat, &c., to Chants; Hymns as on printed paper.

FRIDAY, June 4 (*High Service. Men's voices only at Evensong*).—Morning: Te Deum and Jubilate (Wesley), in E. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Gadsby), in A; Anthem, "Thou sittest at the right hand (Handel), No. 197.

SATURDAY, June 5 (*High Service*).—Morning: Te Deum and Benedictus (Calkin), in B flat; Anthem, "O Lord our Governour" (Gadsby), No. 585. Evening: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis (Martin), in C; Anthem, "Achieved is the glorious work" (Haydn), No. 257.

Notes for the following week: SUNDAY (*after Ascension Day*), June 6.—Morning: Te Deum, &c. (Garrett), in E; Holy Communion (Barnby), in E. Evening: Magnificat, &c. (Martin), in B flat; Anthem, "Hallelujah unto God's Almighty Son (Beethoven). MONDAY, June 7.—Confirmation by the Bishop of London. FRIDAY (*S. Barnabas*).—Holy Communion (Choral).

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SATURDAY, May 29.—10 a.m.: Service, Distin in C; Anthem, "Seek ye the Lord," No. 604 (Isa. lv. 6, 7), Bridge. 3 p.m.: Service, Distin in C; Anthem, "The glory of the Lord," No. 433 (Ps. civ. 31), Goss.

SUNDAY, May 30 (*Fifth Sunday after Easter*).—10 a.m.: Service, Smart, in F; Kyrie, Mendelssohn, in F; Creed, Armes, in A; Hymn after 3rd Collect, 173. 3 p.m.: Service, Walmisley, in D minor; Anthem, "Hear my prayer," No. 325 (Ps. lv.), Mendelssohn; Hymn after 3rd Collect, 175. 7 p.m.: Service in the Nave.

Next Week's Music.

TO-DAY (SATURDAY).		P.M.
Señor Sarasate's Concert	St. James's Hall...	3
Chamber Music Concert	Princes' Hall...	3
Concert	Grosvenor House...	3
Madlle. Ida Henry's Concert	Princes' Hall...	3
"Faust e Margherita"	Covent Garden Theatre...	8.30
"Acis and Galatea"	St. Andrew's Hall...	8.30

MONDAY, 31.	
Madame Antoinette Sterling's Concert	St. James's Hall... 3
Richter Concert	St. James's Hall... 8
"The Marriage of Figaro"	Drury Lane Theatre... 8
Miss Victoria de Bunsen's Concert	Princes' Hall... 8.30

TUESDAY, JUNE 1.	
M. Rubinstein's Pianoforte Recital	St. James's Hall... 2.30
"Manon"	Drury Lane Theatre... 8.30
Mr. G. Gear's Concert	St. George's Hall... 8
Miss P. Ellice's Concert	Princes' Hall... 8
Opera	Covent Garden Theatre... 8.30

WEDNESDAY, 2.	
"Lady Jane Grey"	Princes' Hall... 3
Philharmonic Society's Concert	St. James's Hall... 8
"Faust"	Drury Lane Theatre... 8

THURSDAY 3.	
Miss Wakefield's Concert	St. James's Hall... 3
Chamber Music Concert	Princes' Hall... 3
Handel Society's Concert	St. James's Hall... 8
"Carmen"	Drury Lane Theatre... 8
Chamber Music Concert	Princes' Hall... 8
Opera	Covent Garden Theatre... 8.30
Concert	38, Wimpole Street... 8.30

FRIDAY, 28.	
M. Rubinstein's Pianoforte Recital	St. James's Hall... 2.30
"The Bohemian Girl"	Drury Lane Theatre... 8

Notes and News.

LONDON.

Amongst the prodigious number of miscellaneous concerts given last week, only a few can be mentioned here. Mrs. Welmans gave a recital in Messrs. Collard's rooms on Thursday afternoon, when she pleased her hearers in songs by Bennett, Bizet, Rubinstein, and old Italian and English ditties. Mesdames Sophie Löwe, Winifred Holiday, and R. Wappenhaus and Mr. Elliot Hubbard assisted in the vocal and instrumental items, contributing in no small degree to the enjoyment of the audience.

A larger concert-room than Steinway Hall might well have been filled on Friday afternoon 21st inst., when the Misses St. Clair Thomson gave their first matinée. Doubtless the name of Mr. Corney Grain was partly responsible for such a well-filled room, and the musical truths he enounced in his amusing sketch must have told on a good many present; the audience appeared much gratified at this pleasant diversion from an ordinary concert programme. Although of an unpretentious character, the programme afforded the Misses St. Clair Thomson a favourable opportunity to set forth their claims to public recognition; being heard to advantage in the vocal duets "Over the heather," Moir, "A flight of clouds" and "Nearest and Dearest," Carracciolo, and two German songs by Maude Valerie White, accompanied by the composer, who in her turn played some pianoforte sketches of her own. The remaining artists were Miss Damian (who seems to have made Gounod's song, "The Worker," peculiarly her own), Mrs. A. J. Caldicott, Messrs. Barrington Foote, Charles Wade, and Leo Stern (violin), with Messrs. Isidore de Solla and A. J. Caldicott at the pianoforte.

Mrs. Dutton Cook's concert, which took place last Tuesday at 1, Belgrave Square was numerously attended. The pianist was successful in her rendering of solos by Heller, Sterndale Bennett, Chopin, Mendelssohn, and W. Macfarren, and received very effective assistance from Mesdames Valleria, Marie Roze, M.M. Ganz, Wiener, Bernard Lane, Winch, and others. Mrs. Bernard Beere and Mr. William Terriss with recitations, and Mr. George Grossmith with a musical sketch, diversified the performance.

Mr. Ganz gave an afternoon concert last Wednesday, at 126, Harley Street. An excellent performance of Schumann's Pianoforte Trio in D minor, Op. 63, in which Mr. Ganz was supported by M.M. Papini (violin) and Libotton (violin), opened the concert. This was also the occasion of the first appearance in public of Miss Georgina Ganz, who gave proof of excellent training and an intelligent style in Rossini's canzonet "La Partenza" and songs by Bizet, Rubinstein, and Ganz. Songs were also contributed by Madame Valleria, who carried off the vocal honours of the concert, Madame Janson (in place of Madame Patey, indisposed), M.M. William Winch, Gilbert Campbell, and other artists. Mr. Ganz also gave selections for pianoforte alone from Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Chopin.

Herr Ernest Pauer brought his series of musical lectures at the Royal Institution to a conclusion on Saturday, the important illustrations on the pianoforte being ably rendered by his son, Mr. Max Pauer.

The members of the Lyric Club propose to give a special entertainment at the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, on Friday evening, June 11, in aid of the Musical Artists' Benefit Fund, to be established under the auspices of the Club. A number of distinguished artists including Mmes. Valleria, Marie Roze, Louise Phillips, Maude Valerie White, and M.M. Foli, Rutland Barrington, Fred. H. Cowen, A. Randegger, Tosti, and Tito Mattei, have promised their assistance, and there is every reason to hope that musicians and the general public will largely respond to the appeal made for so admirable an object.

As an example of the immense circulation sometimes attained by musical works of the educational sort, it has been stated that over half a million copies have been sold of Hemy's Pianoforte Tutor, published by Metzler & Co.

We are pleased to announce that the *Wife's Sacrifice*, an adaptation from the French by our genial contributor, Mr. Sutherland and Edwards, Mr. Sydney Grundy, was a pronounced success at its first performance at St. James's Theatre. Most of the papers speak well of the play, and of Mr. Edwards's share in it; and those that don't, ought to.

PROVINCIAL.

GLASGOW.—A concert, conducted by Mr. Emile Berger, was given on Friday evening, May 21, by the Glasgow Kilwinning Masonic Lodge (No. 4), the proceeds of which went to the relief of the unemployed. Both from an artistic and pecuniary point of view the concert was a great success. At the conclusion the chairman, Brother John Gordon, R.W.M., proposed in eloquent terms a hearty vote of thanks, which was duly acknowledged on behalf of the artists by Brother E. Berger.

LEEDS.—At the twelfth and thirteenth rehearsals of the Leeds Festival Chorus, held on Saturday, 22nd, and Tuesday, 25th May, the first part of Antonin Dvorak's Oratorio, *Saint Ludmila*, was put in rehearsal. There are seventeen numbers in the first part and it contains a

large proportion of powerful choruses.—Mr. Villiers Stanford came down on Friday, May 28, to rehearse his work, *The Revenge*, with the chorus.

LIVERPOOL.—It is a matter for regret that the attendance at the Rubinstein Recital in the Philharmonic Hall last Saturday was so meagre, and it is exceedingly difficult to account for so discreditable a result, one effect of which has been the abandonment of the second recital announced for Saturday next. The season is considerably advanced, but this does not usually act as a deterrent in this city. It must have been the first actually fine day of the month which took a great many people to the International Exhibition, to enjoy amongst other things, the meretricious efforts of a Viennese Ladies' Orchestra. The programme of Saturday last consisted solely of eight Beethoven Sonatas, the same which he played in London. For two hours the intellectual ability of the player, aided by his wondrous technical power, exposed to a delighted audience, depths of tenderness, passion, and dignity, such as had never before been evoked from these works in this hall, and the close affinity of the performer with the master whose creations he illumined was evident throughout the entire programme. It had been intended that next Saturday's recital should be devoted to the works of Chopin.

MANCHESTER.—Herr Rubinstein visited Manchester on Tuesday last, and gave a recital from a programme identical with that of his first London recital, described in last week's *Musical World*. From William Bird to Mozart is a wide range, and the novelty of some of the earlier pieces, which were played with exquisite delicacy, was an especial attraction to the audience. Scarlatti's sonata came with an unexpected burst of fury after the tranquillity of the earlier numbers. The selections from Handel's works were played for the most part at a tremendous pace, producing effects probably not at all like what Handel intended, but of a magnificence of their own which makes it impossible to quarrel with the performer's rendering.

OXFORD, May 26.—M. Saint-Saëns's visit here has been a very great success, and his appearance at the concert given yesterday afternoon by the Oxford University Musical Club created a veritable sensation. The other performers were Messrs. A. Gibson and J. Taylor. With the exception of Beethoven's sonata in G, Op. 96, for violin and piano, the programme was devoted exclusively to works by the French composer, including his duet for two pianos (variations on a theme of Beethoven, Op. 35), solo for violin, Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 28, Caprice for piano-forte alone on ballet airs from Gluck's *Alceste*, and sonata for violin and piano. In addition to the concert, M. Saint-Saëns gave a short organ recital on the Christ Church organ.

FOREIGN.

Our Berlin correspondent speaks in terms of high praise of a young pianist, Miss Augusta Fisher, a pupil of Professor Klindworth, who, at a concert last week, gave an excellent performance of Schumann's Fantasia in C (first movement), Bach's Prelude and Fugue in B minor, and pieces by Chopin, Liszt, Brahms, and Rubinstein. "The concert," he adds, "was the very last of the season which is now dead."

The meeting of the *Tonkünstler-Versammlung* to be held at Sondershausen from June 3 to 6 promises to be of great interest. There will be six concerts altogether, the programmes of which will be made up exclusively of modern music. Liszt (with no less than four symphonic poems and the oratorio *Christus*), Eugen D'Albert, Nicodé, Sgambati, Rubinstein, Brahms, Bruckner, Tschaiakowski, and many others are amongst the living composers represented, and the list of executants includes some of the leading vocalists and instrumentalists of Germany. Professor Carl Schröder will be the chief conductor.

COPENHAGEN, Saturday, May 22.—The celebrated German tenor, Anton Schott, gave a concert here at the Casino. We had the pleasure some time ago of hearing Herr Schott at a Philharmonic Concert, when his success was so great that he decided to return to Copenhagen in order to give a concert of his own. The programme last Saturday was very interesting indeed. Herr Schott has a marvellous voice of very fine timbre; very powerful, and his way of singing is extremely musical and dramatic. He is a decided Wagner-singer; his rendering of "Preislied," "Tannhäuser's Pilgrimage to Rome," and "Lohengrin's Farewell," were excellent in every way, his pronunciation being perfect. No wonder that the public was roused to enthusiasm and called Herr Schott back to the platform many times after each number. I have heard, I believe, all the Wagner-singers of Germany, but never so beautiful a voice as that of Anton Schott.* He was assisted by our excellent violinist Hilmer, and the two pianists Lembecke and Holger Dahl, three favourites of the public here. In spite of the tropical heat, the house was full, the Queen and the whole Royal Family being present.—Tivoli is opened now. Every night the garden is crowded with people (nearly 10,000 attending), who enjoy all the different kinds of amusement provided at the establishment. The very fine concert-hall in the middle of the garden, where Balduin Dahl conducts the splendid orchestra, is always crowded with enthusiastic listeners.—At the Royal Theatre Høstrup's new play, "Karens Garde," has been produced almost every night and obtained great

* Herr Schott must have vastly improved since we heard him in London, singing with a powerful voice, but occasionally very much out of tune.—Ed., *M. W.*

success.—At the Damgar Theatre the celebrated Finnish actress, Ida Ahlberg is engaged for next season.

PARIS, May 25.—As usual at this season there is little activity in musical matters here, the most interesting recent event being the performance last Saturday at the Trocadero, for the first time in Paris, of Gounod's *Mors et Vita*, with Mesdames Krauss and Conneau, and MM. Lloyd and Faure as soloists. The singing of Mr. Lloyd made a most favourable impression, and, as the composer conducted in person there was of course considerable applause both when he appeared on the platform and at various stages of the performance. The work will probably be repeated next Saturday with the same cast.—The most important event at the Grand Opéra has been an opportune revival of Saint-Saëns's *Henry VIII*. The rôle of Catherine, originally created by Madame Krauss, was effectively sustained by Madame Caron, and M. Lassalle was at his best as Henry VIII. Nothing occurred to mar a very successful performance, except some uncertainty in the rendering of the fine quartet in the last act, which was least readily pardoned by those who were in the secret of the cause. With an egotism not altogether unprecedented in operatic annals, M. Lassalle insisted upon the transposition of this number a semitone lower than originally written, and the fancied relief to his voice was obtained at the expense not only of the general effect, but even of accuracy as far as the orchestra was concerned. The 500th representation of Halévy's *La Juive*, already referred to in my last letter, takes place to-morrow (Wednesday) night.—At the Opéra Comique the performances of the *Song d'une Nuit d'été* and *Maitre Ambros* had to be temporarily suspended by reason of the indisposition of both M. Maurel and Madame Caroline Salla. Meanwhile a very good performance was given of Gounod's *Médecin malgré lui*, with MM. Fugère and Barnolt, and Mesdames Deschamps, Chevalier, and Molé-Truffier in the principal parts. Last Wednesday also considerable success was achieved by Talazac and Madlle. Simonnet in the representation (for the ninety-eighth time) of *Lakmé*. The revival of the *Nozze di Figaro* will probably take place next Saturday, with Mesdames Isaac, Simonnet, Calvé, and MM. Taskin, Fugère, and Barnolt.

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